

THE GREAT AMERICAN: GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET

by Mrs. James Longstreet

MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY

TO HUCK FINN'S MEMORY

Dan Andersson

(Translated by Caroline Schleef)

I've lighted a fire and made a bed
On leafy loam and yellow sand.
The heavenly stars I am counting
And lights on Illinois' strand.

I've been thinking of old Judge Thatcher
Who had care of my yellow gold.
I've smiled over Tom's Aunt Polly
And dreamed as the moon grew old.

Like a breath of heaven, the breezes
O'er Missouri's enchanted land,
Round timber and drift-logs murmur
The wovelets on beech-lined strand.

Tis night along gold Mississippi
Where blossoming beeches smile,
Spraying pollen on surging waters—
There are roses on Jackson's isle!

Dan Andersson (1880-1920), Sweden's most celebrated lyric poet of the 20th century, came to Minnesota as a boy of 14 years, 1894, and, because in hand, to stay with relatives and report back on farming possibilities. Dan was homesick, and having physical labor sent letters unfavorable to pioneer farming for his family. Father was a pious, poorly paid schoolmaster in the mountain wilderness of Finnmarken, Sweden. He lost his enthusiasm for emigrating, and Dan returned at the end of eight months. Dan started work in the forests there, burned charcoal and cut wood. First book of regional tales, *Charcoal-burner's Tales*, appeared 1914. *Charcoal-burner's Songs*, 1916. He has been called Sweden's Huck Finn, read and carried the volume regularly in his knapsack; one of the few novels he read at the end of his brief life-span. The above poem appears in his second collection, his most celebrated, "Black Balade." Though this is not of his characteristic poems, seeking life's meaning, Huck Finn himself was part and parcel of his life.

Winter, 1953

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THE MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY

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Mark Twain and Dwight D. Eisenhower

Cyril Clemens

Dwight D. Eisenhower's favorite author has always been Mark Twain. As a boy in Abilene he read and reveled in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* before he was ten years old, and when he was in his 'teens he read *Roughing It*, *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, and *Life on the Mississippi*. Later on, during his maturity, he has read all of Mark Twain's other books. He feels that Mark Twain has probably influenced him more than any other author, both in his speaking and in his writing.

Eisenhower's mother, Ida Elizabeth Stover Eisenhower, much resembled Sam Clemens' mother, Jane Lampton Clemens—both were amiable, strong-willed women possessed of a keen sense of humor. Both taught their boys early self-reliance. In recalling his wonderful mother, as he frequently does, the General states:

"When I was ten years old, Mother told me: 'If you want an education, go out and get it.'"

Her philosophy was that any attempt to get something for nothing was not only inevitably doomed to failure but actually bordered on the criminal. She believed with Willa Cather, "Life is hard for most people, and when it's easy, it's hardest of all." And she was fond of quoting Theodore Roosevelt:

"Never throughout history has a man who lived a life of ease left a name worth remembering."

Ike's high school graduation yearbook, as is the custom of such books, made predictions for the graduates. It was predicted for Ike that he would end up as a professor of history at Yale! Yet, not too far wrong; he was simply destined to make history rather than teach it.

Like Mark Twain, Eisenhower believes that the American Indians have never received the justice that is due them from the White Man who conquered their territory. On August 10, 1952, he addressed some ten

thousand Indians from thirty-five tribes at Gallup, New Mexico, who arrived in covered wagons, new cars, old jalopies, and on horseback for their thirty-first intertribal ceremonial. He paid the highest tribute to the performance of Indian soldiers in battle, and told them they must now exercise their newly granted right to vote to the fullest as a final demonstration of good citizenship.

Eisenhower recalled that his boyhood heroes as with Sam Clemens had been Indian warriors and not army officers, and he listed them:

"Red Cloud, Chief Dog, Rain in the Face, Young Man Afraid of his Horse, Crazy Horse, Geronimo. Red Cloud, especially, was a man of great wisdom, and Dog was renowned for his great courage and military skill."

Speaking of his parents' religion, Ike said during the campaign:

"Their Bibles were a live and lusty influence in their lives. There *was nothing sad* about their religion. They believed it with a *happiness and contentment* that all would be well if man would take the cards he had been dealt in this world and play them to the best of his ability."

With such emphasis of his parents on the Bible, there is little wonder that a deeply spiritual note animates his own addresses. As he said extemporaneously at the cornerstone laying of the Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kansas, "there are no atheists in the foxholes."

Eisenhower believes with Mark Twain that "humor is man's greatest blessing." And the General could well have written as Clemens did the following:

"I value humor highly, and am constitutionally fond of it, but I should not like it as a steady diet. (Such as some politicians uses it ad nauseam.) For its own best interests, humor should take its outings in grave company; its cheerful dress gets heightened

color from the proximity of sober hues. . . . I think I have seldom deliberately set out to be humorous, but have nearly always allowed the humor to drop in or stay out according to its fancy. . . . I have never tried to write a humorous lecture; I have only tried to write serious ones—it is the only way to succeed."

Thus, we see why Ike's and Mark's humor is always so natural, spontaneous—and really effective. "Humor is," as Mark says, "the good-natured side of any truth," and, "Humor must be one of the chief attributes of God. Plants and animals that are distinctly humorous in form and characteristics are God's jokes."

Mark did not value *genuine* humor more than the General, who has said again and again:

"We must realize that *good humor*, patience and tolerance are as important internationally as they are individually."

The following letter well expresses the high regard that Ike holds for the humorist:

Headquarters European Theatre
United States Army
Office of the Commanding General

29 September 1942

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Your message of September 5 informing me that I have been elected to honorary membership in the International Mark Twain Society is gratifying news. Beginning in early boyhood, I have read virtually everything of Mark Twain's that has been published, and I have always been a great admirer of both the man and his works.

I thank you for the honor.

Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

Thus the future President of the United States joined the Society to which not a few of his predecessors have belonged, including William H. Taft, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert

Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman. Both Republicans and Democrats, for no party or national lines are drawn in the Society, which also has in its roll the following British prime-ministers: Arthur Balfour, David Lloyd George, Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, Clement Attlee.

In 1944, I sent the General a copy of a book by Mark Twain that I edited and published the year before, *Washington in 1868*, with a foreword by the genial English humorist, W. W. Jacobs, author of *The Monkey's Paw*.

The General snatched time from his overwhelming duties to pen a brief note.

Supreme Headquarters
Allied Expeditionary Force
Office of the Supreme Commander

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Many thanks for sending me a copy of your book, *Washington in 1868*. It was very kind of you and I am most appreciative of your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

In this book, Mark gives a vivid picture of President Andrew Johnson under the shadow of impeachment:

"I stood at a little distance and watched him receive and dismiss his visitors. He looked so like a plain, simple, good-natured old farmer that it was hard to conceive that this was the imperious 'tyrant' whose deeds had been stirring the sluggish blood of thirty millions of people. He was uneasy and restless; the smile that came and went upon his face had distress in it; when he shook hands with a guest he looked wistfully into the person's face as if he sought a friendly interest there, and yet hardly hoped to find it; he seemed humbled—the expression of his countenance could be made to signify nothing else; when he ceased to smile for a moment, the shadow of a secret anxiety fell upon his features, and then, if ever a man

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looked weary and worn, and needful of rest and forgetfulness, it was this envied President of the United States. I never saw a man who seemed as friendless and forsaken, and I never felt for any man so much."

When I asked the General if I could dedicate my book on Mark Twain to him, he answered as follows:

Allied Force Headquarters
Office of the Commander-in-Chief
2 December 1943

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Due to my admiration for Mark Twain and his work, I feel happy and proud that you should desire to dedicate to me the biography you are writing. Although undeserving of such an honor from the President of the International Mark Twain Society, I accept it with pleasure.

Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

When the General became President of Columbia University in 1948, I wrote him a letter of congratulation, saying that I felt he would be a good university president, even though he seemed to lack the three qualifications that Will Rogers said were necessary for a college president—a long white beard, a shiny bald pate, and a vocabulary incomprehensible to the average person. The General answered thus:

Columbia University
New York 27
15 June 1948

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Thank you for your unique letter of welcome. Please express my deep appreciation to all the members of the Mark Twain Society for their thoughtfulness.

I shall do my best to make a good college president, even though I do lack the requirements Will Rogers thought were necessary.

Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

In the spring of 1952, Ike's fellow members unanimously elected him a Knight of

Mark Twain in succession to the late General Henry H. ("H&P") Arnold of the United States Air Force. This order was founded in 1946, and among Ike's fellow Knights are Anthony Eden, Jan Christiaan Smuts, Count Carlo Sforza, Albert Einstein, Mackenzie King, James Forrestal, General Lattre de Tassigny, Thomas Mann, Viscount Alexander, Viscount Montgomery, Robert Frost, Jean Sibelius, Arturo Toscanini, Jawaharlal Nehru, Augustus John, David Ben Gurion, Louis St. Laurent, Robert G. Menzies, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Winston Churchill, Generals George C. Marshall, Mark W. Clark, Matthew B. Ridgway, Jonathan M. Wainright, James A. Van Fleet, Albert C. Wedemeyer, Alfred M. Guenther, Claire L. Chennault, and Admirals Chester W. Nimitz, Ernest J. King, William F. Halsey, Harold R. Stark, William D. Leahy.

Supreme Headquarters
Allied Powers Europe
2 April 1952

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Thank you very much for the kind courtesy of your recent message. Naturally, I am pleased by the honor conferred me by the members of the International Mark Twain Society—more so in view of the respect and regard I have for the memory of the man I am elected to succeed.

Kindly convey my appreciation to your associates.

With best wishes,
Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

The General acknowledged his membership card as Knight:

Brown Palace Hotel
Denver 2, Colorado
July 29, 1952

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Thank you very much for your very kind letter of recent date.

I value highly the Knight of Mark Twain membership card, and want you to know how honored I feel for having been made a

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Member of the Order.

Also, it is heartwarming to learn of the interest which the youngsters of America, like little Ada Long, are taking in this crusade. It certainly brings home very realistically the great feeling of responsibility.

Sincerely

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Ada Long was a little girl of only seven who had been working hard for Ike's nomination. I had sent the General a news story about her.

Ever since the General married Mamie Geneva Doud on July 1, 1916, she has been the inspiration of his life. Theirs has been an ideally happy marriage. I sent the General a feature article about her, and he answered:

Brown Palace Hotel
Denver 2, Colorado

August 18, 1952

Dear Cyril Clemens:

Mrs. Eisenhower joins me in sincere thanks for your heartwarming message and the enclosed editorial.

It was most kind of you to write me as you did, and encouraging to know that we will have your continued help in the task ahead.

With kind regards

Sincerely
Dwight D. Eisenhower

Just before the election, Mrs. Eisenhower wrote the Society the following letter:

Dear Mr. Clemens:

Thank you so much for your nice letter of October 25th, and for your wonderful support and encouragement. Indeed were Mark Twain alive today and out campaigning for us, then victory on November 4th, *would* be a certainty.

I send you my best wishes

Mamie Doud Eisenhower.

At the Society's twenty-fifth annual Mark Twain's birthday banquet, held on November

30, 1952, in St. Louis, it was announced that "in recognition of his outstanding contribution to genuine democracy and world peace by his magnificence campaign speeches," Dwight David Eisenhower had been awarded the Mark Twain Gold Medal for 1952, and the following letter was read:

Commodore Hotel,
New York, New York
November 19, 1952.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

General Eisenhower was pleased to receive your thoughtful letter of November 8th, notifying him that he had been awarded the Mark Twain Gold Medal for 1952.

He asked me to express his deep appreciation for the honor conferred on him by The International Mark Twain Society.

Sincerely,
Edward J. Green,
Personal Assistant

In January, 1953, Mamie Eisenhower was elected Daughter of Mark Twain, among whom have been, and are, the following: Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Dorothy Dix, Helen Keller, Geraldine Farrar, Mrs. Jack London, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Viscountess Frances Lloyd George.

60 Morningside Drive
New York, New York
January 13, 1953

Dear Mr. Clemens:

I am highly honored, and grateful indeed to know that I have been unanimously elected a Daughter of Mark Twain.

It makes me proud and humble at the same time to be associated in any way with the illustrious names representing The International Mark Twain Society.

I do appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending me the clipping from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. I am happy to have it for my scrapbook.

With gratitude and all good wishes,

Mamie Doud Eisenhower.

The Great American: General James Longstreet

By Helen Dortch Longstreet

Back of the day that opened so auspiciously for the Southern Cause at the First Manassas, lies General James Longstreet's record of a quarter of a century in the military service of the United States. He led hard Indian campaigns that blazed the trails of civilization to the Pacific and fought in every battle of the Mexican War that opened the way for his country to become a world power. He was three times cited for bravery on Mexican Battlefields and almost mortally wounded while hoisting his Regimental flag over the captured battlements of Chapultepec in the final engagement.

General Longstreet belonged more closely to the whole South than any other officer of the Confederate States Army. He was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, tutored in Georgia by his Uncle, Augustus B. Longstreet, appointed to West Point from Alabama and much of his youth was spent in Mississippi where his mother finally settled, died and is buried. She had moved from South Carolina to Georgia, from Georgia to Alabama and at last to Mississippi.

Longstreet's command fired the first shot of the war between the States at Bull Run, formed the last battle line at Appomattox and between Bull Run and Appomattox, bore the brunt of battle in every victorious campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia, with the exception of Chancellorsville! Williamsburg, Fredericksburg and Seven Pines were inscribed on his triumphant battle flags!

Second in command to Lee, Longstreet led the most gallant army ever arrayed for battle, over the Virginia fields, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia and East Tennessee, to the fateful day at Appomattox. There was not a hireling in its ranks!

The "Old War Horse" won Chickamauga,

the only Confederate victory outside of Virginia, saved the day for Lee at Antietam and the Wilderness, and made the greatest fight at Gettysburg ever made by any troops on any battlefield. Longstreet was acclaimed the hardest fighter in the Confederate States Army—and his fame shines on the pages of history as the greatest Corps Commander produced by the American War between the States!

After the Battle of Antietam, Lee divided his Army into Corps, giving Longstreet command of the First Corps, with a much larger force than he gave Jackson who commanded the Second Corps. Longstreet continued second in command to Lee until the Confederate flag was furled over the great Lost Cause of American history. He did more than any other officer of Lee's Army to place the fame of the great Virginian among the stars. Lee wanted Longstreet always at his side, depending on his counsel and the efficiency of his corps, to bear the brunt of battle. He was called the "Bull Dog of War," "Old Pete," the "Lion of the South." Lee affectionately dubbed him his "Old War Horse." He was the best loved by Lee of his Corps Commanders—the greatest Corps Commander of them all!

In John Hay's papers recently published, General Hooker said of General Longstreet, "The fate of the Rebel Army rests on the broad shoulders of Longstreet. He is the brains of Lee." I have never thought that any one was ever the brains of Lee. But I proudly record the tribute to General Longstreet by a famous Union General. This much is true, General Longstreet never lost a battle in the war between the States when he had the making of the campaign; and disaster overtook Lee when he disregarded Longstreet's advice on the rocky slopes of Gettysburg from which the Confederate flag drooped to its furling in the starless gloom of Appomattox.

After the surrender, Sir Francis Lawley, British correspondent of the London Times, two years with Lee's army, had several interviews with General Lee in Lexington, which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, in which Lee was quoted: "If," said General Lee on many occasions, "if I had taken General Longstreet's advice on the eve of the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg, and filed off the left Corps of my Army behind the right Corps, in the direction of Washington and Baltimore, on the Emmitsburg Road, the Confederates would today be a free people."

General Longstreet's heart broke that day at Gettysburg when he had to give the order for Pickett's charge, which he strongly opposed, foreseeing that it would be a failure. He was so overcome that he could not utter the order when Pickett rode to his headquarters; but merely nodded his head. Pickett drew a letter from his pocket, addressed to the young Virginia girl who became his wife and wrote across the end of the envelope, "If 'Old Pete's' nod means death, sweetheart, goodbye and God bless you." Thirty minutes later, the flower of the glorious First Corps of the great Army of Northern Virginia, was no more—dead, wounded and captured on a Pennsylvania hill—it had met its conqueror—the unconquerable Army of the Potomac! General Longstreet wept when he saw his men in action and witnessed the cruel tragedy of the useless human sacrifice on the immortal field where today we are striving to erect a monument to his name and fame.

War stories are entered here, which, I believe, have never been published.

The widow of General Grant lived in Washington during the administrations of McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, in a magnificent home which the nation had presented to General Grant. She was General Longstreet's cousin and he had introduced Grant to her at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, when they were wearing uniforms of

the same color, and was an honored guest at their wedding, five years later.

Mrs. Grant never forgot the old days and she was very fond of General Longstreet. We spent many never-to-be-forgotten hours with her and I listened breathlessly to her thrilling war stories. The one I have had peculiar delight in repeating, gathers about Grant's unsuccessful efforts to drive Longstreet out of Tennessee.

Mrs. Grant went to Memphis with her children, in the winter of '63, so that General Grant could spend Christmas with them. The General rode over from Knoxville, but had barely dismounted from his horse, which had not been unsaddled, before a courier dashed up in mad haste to tell him that he must return immediately, that Longstreet "was moving on his works." Mrs. Grant said that she had never heard such cursing as General Grant indulged in, he was so enraged at having to forego Christmas with his family.

As Grant was mounting to set out on the return journey, Mrs. Grant said: "Now, Ulysses, you know you are not going to hurt Longstreet." He answered, "I will, if I can get him, he is in bad company." But Grant was never able to "get him." To "get" Longstreet seemed to be the chief concern of the Federal Government at the time. Grant wired the War Department in Washington that if Longstreet were not driven out of Tennessee and kept out, the last great battle of the war would likely be fought in Tennessee.

A little later, Longstreet was recalled to join Lee in Virginia, where he arrived to be seriously wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, by fire of his own men, having forged so far in front they mistook him for the enemy. Lincoln was at the War Department that day and when someone asked him what was the best thing that could happen for the Union, he answered, "the death of Longstreet."

When the curtain fell at Appomattox,

General Longstreet knew that the "Lost Cause" was lost forever and he stood throughout the dark Reconstruction period, not Northern, not Southern, but GREAT AMERICAN, pleading for the National Unity upon which the strength of this nation must always depend!

Those who know the full story of Abraham Lincoln whose stern and unyielding devotion to the principle of Union, brought to him a martyr's death and an immortality of grandeur; will have no difficulty in understanding the strength of purpose, the selfless devotion and the wise determination that lay back of the acceptance by General Longstreet of the decree of Appomattox in favor of the Union, as final. He was the first of the illustrious Southern War leaders to accept these United States as our common country. He knew that Dixie's battle flags were furled over a LOST CAUSE, and he was heart-won by the splendid generosity of his old West Point comrade Grant, to the conquered army of Lee!

The war was over! General Longstreet placed himself at once on the high plane of American citizenship and fraternized with all his countrymen. He visioned a mighty nation rising from the red stream and marching onward to become the greatest world power. Thenceforth, all the energies of his being were devoted to bridging the bloody rift, with fraternal unity more ancient than sectionalism, more lasting than hate! He stood, like the Rock of Gibraltar in a war-torn land!

*"He made endeavor, with a loyal soul,
To heal the wounds the years of strife had wrought—*

*And in the fields of peace, more glories won
Than in the battles his gray warriors fought."*

Lee's surrender at Appomattox closed the war so far as action on the battlefield was concerned. However, it did not end the hatreds, the conflicts, the dangers, that continued during reconstruction, to imperil not alone the South, but which threatened as well, the stability of the Union itself.

It is with difficulty that tears are held from my eyes, as I look back upon that period of turmoil and hate and recall the censure and the suffering endured by General Longstreet as he followed what to him was the path of duty and honor, in loyalty to the Union, while, at the same time, striving to pave the way for the South's return to an honorable place in the life of the Nation.

My whole being is stirred and uplifted with pride, as I recall the heroic record of the soldier, statesman, gallant man, whose name I so lovingly bear!

I am deeply moved that from the Mark Twain Quarterly has come the gesture of admiration, the tribute to a great soldier and patriot, responsible for this story.

In aligning himself with the leaders of the Union in the reconstruction period, General Longstreet gained for the South a representative, and a voice once more in the affairs of the nation and saved the Southern states from something worse than anarchy. Thousands of Longstreet's soldiers followed him in politics as they had followed him in war. Together, they made possible the return of the Confederate States to the Union, the reorganization of State governments, the banishment of carpetbag rule, and the restoration to the Southern people of control of their own land.

More glorious than victories on brilliant fields, were General Longstreet's services to the South in the dark days when he struggled and agonized to preserve for them the right to be acclaimed again as citizens, rather than rebels, in the land they had helped to wrest from the wilderness.

The night before the fateful ninth of April, '65, Lee and Longstreet were resting on the hard ground, less than a hundred feet apart, their heads pillowed on the saddles of their horses. About 2:00 in the morning, Lee called Longstreet to his side to say: "If Grant offers dishonorable terms I will not accept. Will you then come with me, break through the Union lines and die with me in the Virginia hills?"

Longstreet assured Lee that he was ready

to go with him and die with him, anywhere; but he believed that he knew Grant well enough to affirm that he would surely offer only such terms as one brave man would offer another; such terms as Lee himself would offer if the situation were reversed. How true that estimate of the noble Union Commander, all the world now knows!

After the surrender had been completed, Lee stood with his staff, to say farewell to the officers and men who had followed him through the hardships of four terrible years. He shook hands with each of them and spoke kindly words, until Longstreet reached his side, when he threw his arms about him and sobbed, like a child. When Lee could control his emotions, he turned to Capt. Thomas I. Gore, of Texas, and said, "Captain, into your care I command my 'Old War Horse!'" One of General Longstreet's staff officers wrote of the event:

"Robert E. Lee, standing on the fateful and historic field of Appomattox, in the gathering gloom of that awful hour of defeat and disaster, with his arms about James Longstreet, while his majestic frame shook with uncontrollable grief, was a scene worthy to have him limned by genius on immortal canvas. The tears of Robert E. Lee, falling upon the symbol and insignia of Longstreet's rank, converted it then and there into a badge of honor grander than the guerdon of a king!"

When General Longstreet aligned himself with the Republican party in support of Grant and his successors and labored to shape a program that he believed would prevent the complete destruction of economic liberty and progress in the South, the storm broke! He was persecuted, lied about, denounced as traitor to his people: In the fury of the onslaught originated the cruel slander that he disobeyed Lee's most vital orders, causing the loss of Gettysburg and the ultimate fall of the Confederate Cause! The crown of thorns was pressed down on the brow of the "Old War Horse," and he was crucified on a cross of falsehood by the people whose battles he had fought with

unsurpassed valor and genius!

One does not have to know the strategy of campaigns, the movements on battle fronts, or the valor of Field Marshals, to discover that the shameless charge of Longstreet's disobedience of orders at Gettysburg was rooted in the hatred, falsehood and violence of turbulent times. Longstreet's defamers kept silent, until after the death of Lee, for obvious reasons. Not one word of reproach ever fell from the lips of Robert E. Lee against James Longstreet, Commander of the First Corps of his great army. Lee loved Longstreet and would have defended him with his last expiring breath.

The diabolical diatribe against Longstreet's honor as a soldier has been handed on by writers who have been willing to falsify history to save, as they thought, the military renown of Lee by making a scapegoat of Longstreet. But General Lee's imperishable fame has never needed the sacrifice of the Commander of the First Corps of his mighty Army. Longstreet committed the crime of being fifty years ahead of his time in the reconstruction period! To recognize the cruel charges against Longstreet as infamously false, one has only to review the affectionate relations that continued between Lee and Longstreet, after Gettysburg, and to the last hour of Lee's life.

It was after Gettysburg that Lee sent Longstreet to Chickamauga, where he won the only Confederate victory outside of Virginia. It was after Gettysburg that Lee reviewed Longstreet's command, the second review he ever made of his Army. After Gettysburg, with the approval of General Lee, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution of thanks to Longstreet and the officers and men of his command, for "patriotic services and brilliant achievements in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia and Tennessee."

Lee appointed Longstreet senior Commissioner to arrange terms of surrender and when he entered the McLean house where peace terms were being formulated, Grant jumped up, stepped briskly across the room

and slapped him on the back, exclaiming, "Well, Old Pete, can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of craps?" And then he handed Longstreet a Havana cigar, the first one he had had in a long time. "Old Pete" was the nickname for Longstreet at West Point and craps was a favorite game with the cadets.

As long as Lee lived, he wrote affectionate letters to Longstreet, such as he would write to a son. On January 19th, 1866, General Lee wrote from Lexington to General Longstreet, then in business in New Orleans:

"If you make as good a merchant as you made a soldier, I shall be content. No one will then excel you and no one can wish you more success or more happiness than I. My interest and affection for you will never cease and my prayers are always offered for your prosperity."

Had Longstreet disobeyed Lee's orders and lost the Confederate cause, it would have been Lee's duty to have him court-martialed and shot! Any person competent to write the story of any battle, knows this.

Lee, Longstreet and Jackson, the great Confederate triumvirate! Statutes of Lee and Jackson have adorned Southern Capitols for generations! But nowhere in the wide land has a monument been erected to Longstreet, though he has slept for forty-eight years on a Georgia hillside!

The Longstreet Memorial Association makes grateful acknowledgment of a river bridge dedicated to General Longstreet in Hall County, Georgia, by the Longstreet Chapter U.D.C., and of a marker erected at his birth place by the Edgefield County Chapter U.D.C.

God gave General Longstreet length of days to see his country take high rank among the great world powers. He saw the descendants of Confederate soldiers in the Union Army, in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama, the Philippines and China. He saw his own sons wear the Union Stars and blue uniform in the Spanish-American war! He lived long enough to know that his name was

honored wherever the American flag was unfurled!

In the delirium of his final hours, General Longstreet's last murmured words were: "Helen, we shall be happier at this post." He had carried me back to his youth in the old Army, under the flag he loved first and loved last!

Throughout the years since the day when General Longstreet found at last the peace of death, I have labored for vindication of his renown as a soldier against the cowardly besmirchment that attended his efforts to guard the strength of the Union while the tides of hatred and violence were sweeping about the insecure foundations of the nation.

The remaining years of my life are dedicated to the movement to place on the Gettysburg field a monument that shall symbolize not only the nobility of James Longstreet, soldier, statesman, patriot, **GREAT AMERICAN!** But shall also speak a message to generations yet to come, of the grandeur of the ideals by which a reunited nation has achieved world eminence and world leadership!

The Longstreet Monument is sponsored by the Longstreet Memorial Association, organized on the Gettysburg field, by the veterans of Longstreet's command, on the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of the battle. As the movement was getting under way came the attack on Pearl Harbor. Following that hour all our efforts were devoted to winning the II World War. Work for the Longstreet Monument was suspended and I went down into the great Bell Aircraft plant in Georgia to aid in building the B-29 Superfortresses, vital to winning the war. I am proud to record that the atomic bombs which ended the war were dropped over Japan from B-29's that I helped to build.

A noble statue of General Longstreet will soon stand among the statues of Confederate and Union soldiers that have long adorned the Gettysburg field! Renaissance of the fame of a great soldier by a great nation!

Longstreet down from the cross, restored

to the place he held in the hearts of his countrymen when the earth trembled under the tread of his soldiers!

The sheen of Longstreet's sword at Gettysburg, the honor sheen of every American soldier! Nor time, nor change, can rob the soldier of his place among the stars!

The "Lion of the South," mounted again on Hero, will call, from the shadows of the Round Tops and the scarred passes of Devil's Den, until bronze and marble crumble, for preservation of the sovereignty of States and of the Union, dearly bought at Gettysburg, against centralization of power in government, that the ideal of individual liberty shall live forever, in a nation of free states and of free men!

General Longstreet said of the Battle of Gettysburg a short time before his death: "For many years Gettysburg was the saddest and sorest reflection of my life. But today, I can say with sincerest emotion, that it was and is, the best that could have come to us all, North and South, and I hope that the nation, reunited, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by the grand work."

The late President Theodore Roosevelt said of General Longstreet's loyalty to the reunited nation:

"This is the spirit that gives us all, north and south, east and west, the right to face the future with the confident hope that never again will we be disunited, and that while united, no force of evil can ever prevail against us."

Hon. Dwight H. Green, former Governor of Illinois, paid eloquent tribute to General Longstreet's loyalty:

"It was given General Longstreet to exemplify grandly and in distinguished degree, the military genius of the South. This of itself would have established his enduring fame. But his greatness goes beyond the field of battle. With the coming of peace between the North and South, he faithfully devoted his fine talents of heart and head to the service of our reunited nation. The Longstreet Memorial for Gettysburg field will be a

most appropriate tribute to the memory of this illustrious soldier, administrator, diplomat and author.

And Hon. Sam C. Ford, former Governor of Montana, spoke thrillingly for the West:

"The emplacement of the equestrian statue of General Longstreet on the hallowed battlefield of Gettysburg should attract the interest of every true American. This everlasting monument shall serve as an inspiration to those who in long years to come shall meditate upon his life history and his influence in the cementing of the tie between North and South, now so indissolubly one imperishable nation."

The "Old War Horse" sleeps serenely today under the sod of the land for which he poured out his heroic blood.

*"Warm summer sun, shine softly there!
Warm Southern wind, blow gently there!
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!
Goodnight, dear heart, Goodnight!"*

IN GRATITUDE

William O. Mitler

Transcended by that chord, that note,
That single strand that struck my soul
I soared from earth's infestive tide
As weightless as the wind.
Beyond the azure dome I flowed
Into the realm of ecstasy.
It was for but an instant there
That God looked down on me.
My mystic moment long has passed.
I trudge upon the sapless soil
And through man's monuments to man.
I sigh, I sympathize.
That one enchanted note I heard
Does mock the world I held so proud.
The works of man throughout that world
In truth are but a shroud.
I feel apart from all this earth
Though caught within its sluggish life.
I have emblazoned on my soul
That strand of song divine.
Its beauty shall forever keep
Me fed, though hungry I may be.
The mem'ry of that single chord
Has made my spirit free.

The Use of the Lie in "Huckleberry Finn" as a Technical Device

Wyatt Blassingame

Huck Finn could scarcely be considered a pathological liar. The pathological liar does not, as a rule, realize he is lying and Huck always knew what he was up to even when, time after time, his lies grew to such amazing proportions as to get him into trouble rather than out of it. He discusses the matter himself, saying, "I reckon a body that ups and tells the truth when he is in a tight place is taking considerable many resks, though I aint had no experience and can't say for certain."

The lying in *Huckleberry Finn* however, is not restricted to Huck. I have listed twenty-nine occasions on which a deliberate lie is told, and seven different liars* (not including the slight exaggerations of the craftsmen which fall in the classification of the tall tale, not considered here) before Tom Sawyer shows up at his Aunt Sally's. From that point on the book is practically one series of lies most of which, in my personal opinion, lack the freshness and zest of the earlier ones.

Twenty-nine lies (I am omitting the Tom Sawyer motivated ones which seem to fall into another class) are too many to examine in detail; but even a partial study may throw some light on Mark Twain's use of the bare-faced lie, and more important, Twain's bare-faced use of the lie as a technical device.

When Huck goes to the nightwatchman on the ferryboat to get help for the robbers left on the wreck of the *Walter Scott* he was faced with a situation which needed some deviation from the truth. Any writer could, and most would, have invented a lie to be told in one or two sentences, allowing Huck to go on his way. ("Hey! I heard somebody yelling out on that old wreck the *Walter Scott*. Said they'd lost their skiff.") But such a lie seems to have been beyond the ken and beneath the notice of Mark Twain and Huckleberry Finn. Huck's lie stretched on for several hundred words. Also it put him in a situation that

was both potentially dangerous and definitely humorous, and gave Mark Twain a chance at another minor but vividly loquacious character—a type that seems to have been one of his favorites.

In the scene when two white men were looking for a runaway nigger Huck once again needed, as he usually did, to tell a lie. But once again the commonsense, practical lie would have been one of a few lines rather than pages. (And incidentally this is one of many occasions on which Huck could have, without difficulty, discovered the location of Cairo, if Mark Twain had wanted him to. The devices, or rather the lack of them, used to keep Jim and Huck from ever reaching Cairo are surprisingly obvious; the craftsmanship here not so crude as ignored.)

But Huck, of course, could lie even when there was absolutely no need for it, as he did to Jim about never having been off the raft. Jim's reaction to the lie helps develop him as a human being rather than a "nigger" and also builds the bond between him and Huck, but both of these are done amply and better elsewhere. The lie is simply a variation of the old vaudeville gag, used several other times in the book, of convincing the credulous straightman that he has not seen what he has seen.

And there was little or no real need for Huck to pretend to have been murdered. His only desire was to escape, and to escape from his father, not the town. Actually he planned to stay on Jackson's Island and "paddle over to town nights, and slink around and pick up things." His money was in the possession of Judge Thatcher and old man Finn was not one to travel far in pursuit of a son who had no money. The pretended murder only served to have him hunted by the whole town rather than just his father.

So, from the point of view of what Huck wanted to accomplish, it would have been more effective for him to take the canoe and supplies and head down the river, without a trail of blood and imitation corpses. But the

* Huck, Jim, The King, The Duke, Miss Sophia, Jack the negro slave, the robbers on the wreck.

scene would not have been nearly so dramatic; there would not have been the search of the river with booming cannon; and there would have been no chance later on for Jim and then Tom to mistake him for a ghost.

Such useless, or semi-useless, lies are told or acted over and over again. The stories of the King and the Duke did not deceive Huck, they only set the stage for some broad humor. There was no need for Huck to dress as a girl to go to the mainland for information; the idea of him actually passing as a girl is ridiculous in itself. Twain could have had him gather the same information by eavesdropping—a device to which Twain was by no means superior. Huck Finn overhears almost as many conversations as one of Leslie Ford's heroines. But then there would have been no chance for the nameless housewife to use her homely lore—and Mark Twain would have been short one of his most famous passages.

Did Mark Twain then make frequent use of lying on the part of his characters simply to set up a situation which he wished to described in detail? Certainly the evidence would indicate that he did. But why should an author with the infinite creative powers of Twain use a single device so frequently that it becomes obtrusive? There is no doubt that, with a little effort, he could have set up these same scenes in much more craftsmanlike ways. I can come to no conclusion except that Twain was not so interested in his novel as a compact whole as in the individual scene on which he could release his full flamboyant genius. If the motivation was scant, if the technique of moving a character from one place to another creaked a little, that must have been of secondary importance to Twain. What he wanted was the scene he could get his teeth into, and how he set it up was of little value.

And the lie, the high flying, fast spreading, purple tinted whopper was a device beautifully suited to Mark Twain's talents. I suppose it is looking a gift horse in the mouth to point out that he used it so frequently and sometimes carelessly.

AMERICAN LAUGHTER

James E. Warren, Jr.

The British captains fuming! Mohawk
braves?

Tea in the murky Boston harbor! Tea!
In darkened houses young men lean against
New England doors and laugh uproariously

Plucking the turkey feathers from their hair
With fingers that will hold the furious guns
Of Bunker Hill. Now from the bustling
streets,
Now from the lusty seaports laughter runs,

Runs to the west, runs wonderfully strong,
Hoarse on Ohio flatboats, damp with ale
At smoky taverns, lyric in the throats
Of cabin youngsters hearing a tall tale.

Men double up and slap their thighs and
howl,
Hurling their laughter toward the south. It
grows
In sun and ebon faces and is flung
In cackling music down the cotton rows.

It drifts on Mississippi rafts to glory.
Virginia rivers hear the sentry call
(Homesick for Maine), "Hey, Reb! You
heard about—?"
And chuckle, sensing in the Georgia drawl

How death and honeysuckle twine together
High in the mountains, how a fiddler's tune
Is more than battles, lovelier than drumming
In January and the grave in June—

American laughter, mocking Valley Forge
And shaking stars or toppling a tax and
king!
American laughter, crouching in the swamps,
Muffled in trenches, bright in men who bring

It home at last (the blood wiped off) as gifts
To women laughing slowly in the night
And some small son who shrieks to see the fox
And briars and rabbit of his dark delight.

Harden E. Taliaferro, A Sketch

By James E. Ginther

Contrary to what we might think today, the years immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War were not taut ones when men's tempers were near the breaking point. Life went on much the same as usual. In their newspapers and magazines, readers still turned to the humorous columns signed by Artemus Ward or Sut Lovingood or Josh Billings or Bill Arp and were rewarded with the chuckles they had anticipated.

In the South one of the most popular humorists was a Tarheel Baptist clergyman named Harden E. Taliaferro (pronounced Tol-i-ver), who signed his articles with his boyhood nickname of "Skitt." Many critics have suggested that such unpretentious sketches written by "Skitt" and his humorous colleagues for immediate publication in magazine or newspaper come closer to being a really Southern literature than the more pretentious pieces designed especially to create a "literature for the South."

The South a century ago was a region in which men swapped stories wherever they met—in courthouses, country stores, taverns, or in lonely mountain cabins. There was an art to telling a story well. The stories themselves became more or less common property, but the skill with which they were told was the important factor. Most of our early folk-humorists merely wrote down the often-repeated stories. These men were seldom professional writers; instead they were doctors, lawyers, editors, soldiers, or (as with "Skitt") clergymen.

Little is known of the life of the Reverend Harden E. Taliaferro, D.D. About the year 1818 he was born in Surry County, North Carolina. In 1859 Harper and Brothers in New York published his most important literary work, *Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters*. The volume is signed simply by "Skitt, Who Was Raised Thar." The publication date indicates that one of the leading publishers in the country thought the time was ripe for a volume of Southern humor.

The *Scenes and Characters* is a record of boyhood observations of the mountain folk in what was once an isolated and still is a picturesque part of the state—western North Carolina. What formal education the boy received is uncertain but, when he was about thirteen, young Taliaferro joined the Baptist Church of which his parents were both pious members. Until he was nineteen, he preached on Sundays and worked on his father's farm the other six days a week. In 1837 he left Surry County for preaching in Alabama. J.L.M. Curry, a Baptist historian, has said: "His (Taliaferro's) sermons were well thought out, were practical, searching, scriptural, and logical. He was a diligent student of the Bible. His reading was wide and varied for one who had not access to many books."

Taliaferro wrote widely for denominational publications, especially *The Virginia Baptist Preacher*. At twenty-five he was a minister in Talladega County, Alabama, where he married a Miss Henderson, of the prominent Alabama family. In 1859 he was senior editor of *The Southwestern Baptist* published at Tuskegee. In 1857 he had returned to Surry County, North Carolina, and had there gained inspiration for his chief literary work, *Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters*.

In the preface Taliaferro explains: "The scenes and stories found in this work were enacted and told between the years 1820 and 1829. Surry County is one of the northwestern counties of North Carolina and joins Grayson, Carroll, and Patrick Counties, Virginia. The scenes are laid in the extreme northwestern part of this county. It is a romantic section and produces a people equally romantic." A large portion of these early settlers were wholly uneducated. Each settler brought with him the rustic vernacular of his native section. With most of the people a rifle, shot-pouch, butcher-knife, and a liquid refreshment they dubbed "knock-em-stiff" were vastly more important than

"larnin."

One of the best stories in the collection is concerned with the semi-annual muster of the Revolutionary soldiers at "Shipp's Muster-Ground." The muster was a social event for the entire county. The most popular man at these gatherings was Hamp Hudson, a man respected throughout the entire area for having the only "still-house" kept running all year. The weaker ones would run dry. Hamp would bring his barrel, tap it under a large tree, and add much conviviality to the muster proceedings. Almost as well-known as Hamp was his dog, "Famus." (Walter Blair has suggested this sort of humor be called "the great misspelling bee.") One terrible day Famus fell into the mash-tub and was drowned. Word whizzed through the county that Hamp had distilled the beer in which Famus had floundered and was going to carry it to the May muster to sell. Indignation ran high. There was a general determination "not to drink one drop uv Hamp's nasty old Famus lick." At the muster, Hamp sat ignored on his untapped barrel under the tree. The muster itself was spiritless, drill was going badly, tempers were getting short, melancholy little groups were discussing the Famus question. Finally Uncle Jimmy Smith, an old soldier, shouted, "Boys, you are free men. I fout for your freedom. I say, boys, you can do as you please, but as fer me, Famus or not Famus, I must take a little!" To a man, the crowd moved towards Hamp and his "bar'l" which was quickly tapped. The whole celebration ended happily with skinned noses, gouged eyes, and bruised heads—the "Famus" day in the annals of Shipp's Muster-Ground.

This is elemental humor at best, far from the polished wit of New England as produced by Holmes and Lowell. But "Skitt" was writing in the tradition of "homespun" humor, the rowdy, boisterous, sometimes bawdy good spirit which was finally to flower in the writings of America's foremost humorist—Mark Twain.

According to the census of 1850, educationally Surry County ranked lowest among the counties in the United States with almost

one-third of the adult males and more than one-half of the adult females unable to read or write. However, the county was extremely religious and had thirty churches, all except three of which belonged to the Baptist or Methodist denominations. It is not surprising that many of "Skitt's" sketches have to do with the illiterate bumpkin visiting a large city and with religious revival conversions.

"Johnson Snow at a Hottle" relates how Johnson left his native Surry to visit Bill Dobson, 'ur siniter in Rolly" (our senator in Raleigh). He had a terrifying time trying to read the signs on the stores and was adamant in refusing to enter a bar room. He thought it plum silly to keep a whole room full of b'ars when back home mountain people avoided them. After many harrowing experiences Johnson announced, "I was a fool fur want'n to come to this quality place anyhow. I'm done with it certtain. I can't keep up with this place. You go on makin laws, Bill, and I'll pike for Stewart's Creek."

Taliaferro introduces his story about Parson Squint this way: "The Parson is a Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, of the strictest sect, in looks, "doctring" and eccentricity. Now "Skitt" allows no man to be a firmer believer in the Christian religion than he, if he does expose the freaks and eccentricities of some of its votaries. Also he is quite a Hard-Shell himself." One of the most interesting aspects of Taliaferro's stories is that, being a preacher himself, he could still write uproariously funny stories about other preachers and their relatively serious work. In "The Convert" the Parson Bellows was conducting revival services at Timothy Spencer's home near Sugar-loaf Peak in the Blue Ridge. There were numerous apple orchards in the vicinity and each fall the surplus fruit was made into brandy. Timothy kept his "bar'l" just behind the front door. The first meeting night Sol Hawks sat on the barrel because it was the only seat left in the room. Succeeding nights he had taken that place particularly and had been contemplating the delectable contents of the vat rather than the energetic sermons being preached. Finally on the last night of the revival during the

prayers and hymn-singing, he succeeded in getting a quill worked in beside the bung of the barrel. When Parson Bellows launched into a long prayer, Sol devoutly lowered his head and drank through his quill "as a thirsty man does water." Just as the benediction was pronounced, Sol, attempting to rise, lurched forward and fell inert to the floor. The excitement was intense. Parson Bellows and the congregation were certain the spirit had at last hit old sinner Sol Hawks. They prayed over him, sang hymns, pounded him on the back, urged him to shout and "get religion good." But to little avail. "Sol got up, rubbed his eyes a little, stepped out and went home. But he never shouted."

In the story about Uncle Billy Lewis, Taliaferro explains: "He had wanted to preach for some time—had some 'loud calls'—but his church gave him no encouragement, believing someone else was called and Uncle Billy had answered." This flippancy bordering on irreverence is not what one comes to expect from clergymen.

The stories about Fisher's River have the air of authenticity because Taliaferro evidently used the names of real persons. Several scholarly articles have been written tracing these real families—the Snows (Johnson, Dick, Larkin, and Uncle Frost), the Seneaters, the Lanes, the Joneses, the Crows, and countless others.

In addition to the descriptions of the people and some of the laughable events of his childhood, "Skitt" has recorded many of the stories the old-timers used to tell. Most of them are the tall yarns made famous by Paul Bunyan and Mike Fink. Some of them have close and unexplainable similarity to stories of the fabulous Baron Munchausen. For example, "Skitt" records Uncle Davy Lane telling about the pigeon-roost. Uncle Davy wanted some bird meat so he took his old gun and his nag and headed for Little Mountain near Yedkin. In about two hours he got there and "from that blessed hour till chock dark the heavens was dark with um comin inter the roost." There were thousands of pigeons. Uncle Davy hitched Old Nip to a

tree and started to blaze away at the birds. He fired so fast he shot six inches clean off the mizzle of his gun. He collected as many of the birds as he could carry and then looked for Old Nip.

"At last I looked up into the tree 'bout forty feet high, and thar he was skinin from a limb."

"How come him up thar, Uncle Davy?" asked Bill Calder.

"Why I hitched him to the limb uv a big tree bent to the ground with pigeons, you numskull, and when they riz, the tree went up and old Nip with it, fur sure."

Baron Munchausen, during a snow storm, tied his horse to what he thought was a fence-post. Later when he returned for the animal, he found the snow melted and the horse dangling from the weathercock atop a church steeple.

Uncle Davy tells another yarn how he went hunting one day and shot so many buck he ran out of ammunition. In desperation, he put the stone of a peach he had just eaten into the rifle and fired away. A year later he was again out hunting and discovered a luscious-looking tree of peaches in the wilderness. Being hungry, he climbed the tree and began to eat. When he threw the seeds to the ground, he was terrified to find himself riding swiftly through space. The tree he had climbed was growing directly out of the head of a big buck! Baron Munchausen parallels the story only in his case it was a cherry tree and a stag's head. Such similarities are a source of fascination to literary scholars. But there is no reason to suggest plagiarism since folklore in remote sections of the world has often been found to be similar.

In 1859, the year his book was published by Harpers, Taliaferro was again in Alabama, where he stayed during the Civil War and Reconstruction as senior editor of *The Southwestern Baptist*. In November, 1860, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the South's leading periodical, published the first of a series of sketches by "Skitt" much

(Continued on page 20)

Austin Dobson's Rules of Light Verse

Illustrated by Edward Miller

1. *Never Be Vulgar*

Don't ever say "bitch,"
It's very uncouth.
(It may be the truth,
But better write "witch.")

2. *Avoid Slang and Puns*

You mustn't make a pun
In Euterpean society;
It's such an impropriety
It simply isn't done.
And don't go in for slang
If Melpomene's about.
She'll prefer you if you spout
A tragical harangue.

3. *Avoid Inversions*

Never an inversion use
Unless you want your life to lose.
He who gallivants "the roses among"
Is likely to be the the next morning
hung!

4. *Be Sparing of Long Words*

The gist of your vocabulary
Should *not* require a dictionary,
So rarely use a word like this—
"Anti-metamorphosis"—
Unless you claim the urgency
Of some extreme emergency.

5. *Be Colloquial But Not Commonplace*

You're welcome to scribble "O.K."
If you do it some whimsical way.
But beware of a sudden "K.O."
If it doesn't seem quite apropos.

6. *Choose the Lightest and Brightest of Measures*

The lighter	The fleetier
And brighter	And sweeter
The better	The better
The measure.	The pleasure.

7. *Let the Rhymes be Frequent But Not Forced*

Take the word "love"
(Which rhymes with "above"
And also with "dove").
Mix it with flowers
In virginal bowers
But never with "clove."

8. *Let Them be Rigorously Exact to the Ear*

The ears of men are so refined
The art of rhyme can be defined.
(Even a poet with only one ear
Could quickly discover the error here).

9. *Be As Witty As You Like*

Endeavor
To be clever;
Keep your ditty
Witty.

10. *Be Serious by Accident*

Be brave unknowing—
Like a lady's slip
When it is showing.

11. *Be Pathetic With the Greatest Discretion*

Alas! You must never shed a tear
Without discretion,
Or intimate the half
Of your depression.

12. *Never Ask if the Writer of These Rules Has Observed Them Himself*

Why ask the writer of these rules
To cite them as they're taught in
schools?
The fact is not so much he wouldn't
As that he obviously couldn't.

The Quarterly Recommends

(All the following books may be obtained through the Quarterly)

Cyril Clemens

Always the Young Strangers, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace and Co.) Carl Sandburg's long awaited work makes a lasting contribution to Americana by one who holds a unique position in the American scene and whose colorful life spans the years from Lincoln's America to the present. This story of Sandburg's life in the small town where he was born, his family, and his friends and neighbors, reveals in an unforgettable manner how America was ingrained in him whose Swedish father never did learn how to write English. This book will without any doubt at all, become an American classic.

The Autobiography of James Norman Hall (Boston: Little, Brown and Co.). The modest, sincere, deeply felt autobiography of an American who was brought up in very humble circumstances in a small town in Iowa, who fell in love with literature at an early age, and who made up his mind while he was still working his way through college that he would travel to the far ends of the earth in search of an island solitude.

A History of American Thought, by Frederick Mayer, (Dubuque: William C. Brown Co.) A fresh, stimulating and scholarly account of American philosophy from Jonathan Edwards to George Santayana.

A History of the American Theatre, by Glen Hughes. (Samuel French). The complete history of the theatre and stage in America for the first time is encompassed in a single popular price volume. The result is a monumental work, magnificent in scope and achievement. The memorable events and immortal figures of the American stage, from the very beginning of its history in 1700 to the mid-century of 1950, are here recorded in scholarly detail and in a highly readable style. A "must" book for all libraries and private collections.

The Catholic Mind Through Fifty Years, 1903-1953, edited by Benjamin L. Masse,

S.J. (The America Press). As a reprint monthly the *Catholic Mind* has searched for, selected and published each month for fifty years the addresses of distinguished authorities on questions of the day. This is a most excellently edited anthology of the best pieces that have appeared during the half century. Recommended to all interested in the best of modern thought.

Diplomatic History of Persia, 1917-1923, by Nasrollah Salpour Fatemi (Russel F. Moore Co.) A very important work, a scholarly and well written account of this crucial period in Persian history. It will be many years before this masterly two-volume work is superseded. It should be in every library, especially every college library.

The Elizabethan Woman, by Carroll Camden (The Elsevier Press) Although a woman sat upon the English throne, writers of the Elizabethan era took great delight in producing much anti-feminist literature. But a new modern woman was emerging and she it is, who is vividly described in this delightful work. By tirelessly searching original sources and delightfully presenting them, the author presents an accurate, comprehensive and fascinating account for the student as well as for the average reader.

They Heard His Voice, compiled by Rev. Bruno Schafer. (McMullen Books, Inc.) The interesting stories of a score of prominent men and women who have entered the Catholic Church. Each individual was an intelligent follower of his former religion, and it was only after many years of unrelenting conflict and intensive study that each decided to accept Catholicism. A fascinating book recommended to all who are interested in religion.

The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt A Chronicle of the New Deal and Global War, by Denis W. Brogan (New Haven: Yale University Press.) A distinguished British historian examines the impact of the New

Deal on the life of the country, the controversial experiments of the NRA, TVA, and the AAA, the varying monetary policies of the administration, the rise of the CIO, and the increasing governmental preoccupation with social welfare. Recommended to all historians.

Steamboat on the River, by Darwin Teihet. (William Sloane Associates) This is the story of Jim Owens who early in 1832 made the voyage in the steamer *Talisman* to the heart of the Illinois country—the region where Young Abe Lincoln was already becoming a legend. The author brings to this novel the vigor and enthusiasm of a fine story-teller, and a sure knowledge of a stirring and colorful period when young America was forging its destiny.

George Washington, by Douglas Southall Freeman. (Charles Scribner's Sons) This monumental biography merits all praise for its great scholarship, thoroughness, and presentation of much new material. Our first president is indeed fortunate to have such a biographer.

James A. Garfield: His Religion and Education. (Nashville: Tennessee Book Co.) This scholarly and well-written book presents the religious and educational thought and activity of one who became prominent as an American soldier, congressman, statesman, and president.

Benjamin Harrison's Hoosier Warrior, by Rev. Harry Sievers. (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co.) Father Sievers traces Harrison's life from his early boyhood in Ohio through the beginnings of his political career to his experiences as a Union general in the Civil War. Much new and original material is presented on this comparatively neglected figure. We look forward with anticipation to the second volume which will deal with Harrison's presidency.

McCarthy: the Man, the Senator, the "Ism", by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May. (Boston: The Beacon Press) A frankly

unsympathetic biography of the controversial senator that contains much new material. The diligent authors have produced a stimulating work.

Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, by Carlos Baker. (Princeton: Princeton University Press) This stimulating and scholarly work presents the first full-length portrait of Hemingway as artist, stylist, and craftsman. It provides a close systematic analysis of his work in the novel, the short story, and other literary forms for the period, 1920-1952. Much new material is presented, including interesting correspondence between author and subject.

Melville's Quarrel with God, by Lawrance Thompson. (Princeton: Princeton University Press) The author shows that a fundamental aspect of Melville's artistic method has escaped the attention of Melville scholars: a level of sinister meaning obscured by literary deceptions that simultaneously hoodwink and satirize the orthodox Christian reader. This profoundly scholarly and stimulating work is recommended to all serious students of American literature.

THIS TASK

Molly Ackerman

I shall remember only little things
The foolish way you loved a little girl
Your bare brown throat, as when a gay bird
sings
Lifted in high sweet arrogance of joy
Your fingers touch, as gentle as a breath
Your handclasp, sure, and quickening as
fire
Your laughter that has clothed me with
desire
Your glance that never fell, but waked
to song
The sleeper, or the weary, or the sad
Your words that never lingered over-long
Where understanding made the heart most
glad
I've set myself this task that I must do
Remembering little things, forgetting you.

Was Sam Clemens "Lewis Carroll"?

Henry M. Partridge

Samuel L. Clemens was such a full writer, had such abundance of material and richness of style that no one could conceivably accuse him of using the material of others. Being so extraordinarily versatile and prolific himself, he didn't need to dip his fountain pen into any other writer's word-stream for refilling. He might, however, be suspected of committing the very opposite of plagiarism; that is, of masking his own style and passing it off as the work of others, as indeed he did in publishing *What Is Man?* and *Joan d'Arc* anonymously. It is significant, too, that none of the critics traced these works to either Samuel L. Clemens or his "double" Mark Twain.

Early in life he established this dual Clemens-Twain identity. He loved to mystify and was as fond of hoaxes, literary and otherwise, as was his friend P. T. Barnum. And these characteristics lead us to believe that he must have sought secret outlets for his literary over-production, not only by publishing under pseudonyms other than Mark Twain, but under nom-de-plumes that have become well-known although wrongly attributed to others.

In dealing with a genius of this magnitude we can credibly surmise that some of his writing has not yet been traced to its real author. Clemens himself gave a broad hint of this when he remarked: "Everybody believes that I am a monument of all the virtues, but it is nothing of the sort. I am living two lives and it keeps me pretty busy." Since his personal life was beyond question, and most of it indeed was carried on in full public view, we can be quite sure that the other life which kept him "pretty busy" must have been a second literary identity. History gives us plenty of examples of other authors who led double literary lives, and we also know that from the beginning to the end of his great career Clemens was deeply interested in dual personalities. In fact, Paine records in his Biography, "I think the last continuous talking he did was to Dr. Halsey on the evening of April 17th. He recalled one of

his old subjects, Dual Personality, and discussed various incidents that flitted through his mind—Jekyll and Hyde phases in literature and fact."

So it seems fitting to continue our inquiry into the real identity of Mark Twain's "double," which in his case would be a "triple," because he was "Twain" already. It has occurred to me, as to others who have known the man and made a close study of his life and work, that Clemens' concern with Dual Personality is most significant. His interest in symbols and signs, both in writing and drawing, for the purpose of hidden communication, is provocative. He was intrigued by acrostics and ciphers and was a master of the Morse code. His enthusiasm for short-hand led him to suggest the use of the short-hand alphabet in place of the Latin. He was proficient in the use of sign language and dactylology, adept at making up anagrams and writing backwards, "mirror writing." In fact he was as preoccupied as "Lewis Carroll" himself with all sorts of literary tricks, puzzles, riddles, "alphabetical processions" and "Abecedary Curiosities."

Toward the end of his life all of these unusual interests combined to convince Clemens that Bacon wrote Shakespeare and he spent a good deal of time tracing the proofs hidden in Elizabethan acrostics. His findings he published in *Is Shakespeare Dead?* So certain was he that he had hit upon the key to this Dual Personality that after seeing *Romeo and Juliet* he observed to a friend: "That is about the best play that Lord Bacon ever wrote."

If we tie up all of Clemens' unusual literary interests with his mysterious remarks about his own Memoirs which he contracted with Harpers to print, but not before the year A.D. 2006, we have good reason to suspect that surprising revelations will be made when these Memoirs finally see the light of day seventy years from now. (Written in 1936). For a quarter of a century this last work, his literary testament, has been locked away in a safe, its sealed contents unknown

even to his closest friends. While preparing this secret historic document Clemens invited William Dean Howells to look down with him from heaven at the beginning of the next century to witness the literary havoc his revelations will then create:

"The edition of A.D. 2006 will make a stir when it comes out. I shall be hovering around taking notice, along with other dead pals. You are invited."

"It is going to be a terrible autobiography. It will make the hair of some folks curl. But it cannot be published until I am dead, and the persons mentioned in it and their children and grandchildren are dead. It is something awful."

Anent these literary revelations Clemens said further:

"Certain chapters will in some distant future be found to deal with 'Claimants'—Claimants historically notorious. Eminent Claimants, successful Claimants, defeated Claimants, royal Claimants, pleb Claimants, showy Claimants, shabby Claimants, twinkle starlike here and there and yonder through the mists of history and legend and tradition—and oh, the darling tribe are clothed in mystery and romance, and we read about them with loving sympathy or with rancorous resentment, according to which side we hitch ourselves to."

Clemens' interest in claimants, literary and otherwise, as well as his preoccupation with dual personalities began back in 1863 when he himself became "twain." The fact that a far lesser writer—Captain Isaiah Sellers—had first adopted the nom de plume "Mark Twain" and written under it for years before Clemens took it over and made it famous, adds support to the probability that Clemens used other people's nom-de-plumes. Paine comments that Clemens "did not then mention that Captain Isaiah Sellers had used and dropped the name."

So we may assume that in using other nom-de-plumes he didn't mention that either.

After all, the sole purpose of pen-names is to hide the author's identity, and it is not likely that any claimant would publicly complain. Now, let's just suppose, as Lewis Carroll's Alice was so fond of doing, that Clemens had given full outlet for a while to all the words that would flow naturally and in colorful character with the "Mark Twain" half of his dual personality. Suppose then that he wanted to write something entirely outside of his established style. Having originally resorted to anonymity, it would be all the easier for him to do it again. Perhaps for his personal amusement he wanted to perpetrate a great literary hoax, wished to privately indulge his penchant for whimsical alphabetical mazes, to write philosophic nonsense, let us say. Being a born word magician he did it with mirrors, and things happened on paper, much as they did in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass."

(To be continued)

HARDEN E. TALIAFERRO

(Continued from page 15)

in the spirit of the Fisher's River Sketches. Nine such were published before the *Messenger* was forced to abandon publication because of the War in 1864. One book and these nine sketches constitute all the known published humor of Dr. Taliaferro. The work is invaluable to the social historian today in studying the life and mores of these remote mountain people. Harden E. Taliaferro, preacher, editor, humorist, and native son, returned to Surry County, where he died on November 2, 1875, and was buried in the shadows of the great mountains he had loved. His obituary in the church organ he had edited praised him as an inspiring preacher and a gifted editor and writer. His volume, *The Grace of God Manifested*, published by the Southern Baptist Publication Society in 1857, was particularly praised. But, discreetly, nothing was said of his humor.

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by Mary H. Gale

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